FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Elves' Busy Work.

'Tis said elves thought a lack of time
Could be the only reason
The autumn leaves were not all curled
Before the Jack Frost season.

And so all felt that duty called
To them to help the bending,
And get each leaf in autumn shape
Before to earth descending.

They climbed the trees and tried to give
Each leaf a little turning,
But many, many floated down
While they their task were learning.

Then back they'd climb and work at what
They thought to be their duty,
Until no leaf remained uncurled,
And autumn lost its beauty.

They worked so fast and recklessly
That every other minute
Down came a leaf, toboggan-shaped—
A merry elf within it.

I know not if this all be true;
To see the elves I'm trying.
The leaves float down, and some are curled.
While autumn winds are sighing.

—A. S. Webber in St. Nicholas.

Reading a Watch.

In looking over the pages of an old magazine, one published just a generation ago, I came upon a quotation from a book entitled "Jottings from the West." The quotation was a description of a watch, the writer calling it a set of "plain facts and statements bound up in a cover of gold." Of course, his plea was that a likeness existed between a book and a watch. It may be that not all of you will see wherein the two are alike. Both, you know, and have a front and back cover; both can be read, in a sense, since each tells us something; the book telling the author's thoughts, and the watch telling the time. But in each case there is something lying deeper than the mere facts told on the face of the watch or in the pages of the book.—From "Books and Reading" in St. Nicholas.

A Simple Disguise.

Take two half shells of an almond, large enough to be held between the upper eyelid and the cheek. Bore a small hole in the middle of each one a little larger than the pupil of the eye. You must do this with the sharp end of a penknife, as such a tool as a gimblet will crack the nut.

The inside of the shells should be thoroughly cleaned. Paint the outsides white with water colors. You can use oil colors if you like, only water colors dry quickly, which will enable you to make the monster pop eyes the faster.

Paint an iris of dark green around the pupil hole, leaving a white spot for the "high light," or, in other words the reflected light which is in every eyeball. Make the iris (or dark portion of the eye) somewhat larger than in the natural eye. You may get the natural color by mixing blue with a little yellow and red.

Now fit these "googoo eyes" in position after the fashion of a monocle or single eyeglass, and you will find that you are practically masked.—Good Literature.

Jennie's Selfishness.

Johnnie and Jennie were having a tea party.

"You can pour out the tea, Jennie," said Johnnie, graciously.

"And I will help to the cake," went on Johnnie.

"We—ll," repeated Jennie, more doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea, and Johnnie cut up the cake. Mamma had given them quite a large piece. Johnnie cut the large piece into five smaller pieces. They were all about the same size.

He helped Jennie to one piece, and began to eat another himself. Jennie poured another cup of tea, and the feast went on. Mamma, in the next room, heard them talking peacefully awhile; but presently arose a discussion, and then a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

"What is the matter?" asked mamma.

"Jennie's greedy and selfish, too," cried Johnnie, between his sobs.

Then he cried again.

"What is the matter?" repeated mamma, going in to find out.

"Why," explained Johnnie, as soon as he could speak, "we each had two pieces of cake, and there was only one left, and Jennie, she took it all!"

"That does seem rather selfish of Jennie!"

"Yes, it was!" Johnnie wept, "'cause I cut the cake that way so's I could have that extra piece myself."

Parental Depravity Among Birds.

Laxity of morals among birds is not so rare as some suppose. Of these degenerates our common cuckoo, beloved of the poets, is an easy first. Some time since a fine series of eggs of this bird, together with those of its dupes, was placed in the central hall of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. This has now been supplemented by a selection of examples of other birds, mostly cuckoos, which show a similar depravity in the matter of parental responsibilities. Such, for example, are the great spotted cuckoo—a rare visitor to Great Britain—the ani and guira, and the cowbird of South America. The first named is common in southern Spain, and lays its eggs in the nests of crows and magpies. But the young bird is less of a hooligan than is the case with our cuckoo, inasmuch as it does not oust its foster brothers and sisters from the nest.

The ani and guira are South American cuckoos which have earned notoriety from the fact that several females combine to lay the eggs in one nest, taking it in turns, according to some authorities, to perform the work of incubation, but others contend that this is left to the kindly offices of the sun. As soon, however, as the young emerge from the shell the females work with a will to feed the hungry little mouths, though no mother can tell her own offspring. In this at any rate they set our bird a good example. The cowbird is one of the "American starlings," and lays its eggs in the nest of a tyrant-bird. To ensure proper attention for its offspring the cowbird takes the precaution to pick holes in all the eggs of the tyrant bird before depositing its own. But if there is method in its madness, there also appears to be madness in its method, inasmuch as it commonly picks holes in many of its own eggs also.—Westminster Gazette.

An Elephant s Bath.

A man sits on the elephant's neck and guides him into the water. When the elephant gets well into the water the man very soon slips off his neck and makes for the land, for the elephant wants to have a bit of sport all to himself before the men take him in hand for his noonday bath. He is nearly as bad as the water buffalo for rolling about in the water.

He begins by sucking in gallons of water up his trunk, blowing it all over his body and back, and up into the air, and then he goes in for a swim, blowing the water all about him like a great whale. When the men think he has had enough fun on his own account they order him back, and this huge monster, who could defy fifty men, turns and swims back at once, like an obedient child.

Then one man mounts his neck and scrubs his head—not with soap and a yard of flannel, but with a burnt brick. The other man sits on his back and with another brick scrubs his back and great flanks. Then they bring him into still shallower water, about three or four feet deep, and make him lie on one side, and scrub every available part of his body with the bricks; then they tell him to turn over, and the great beast rolls over obediently on the other side, and when that is done they make him stand up, and scrub his great legs and his pendulum tail. And, oh! how the animal enjoys his scrubbing. He would let them do it all day if they would.

Then the two mount, one on the neck and the other fair in the middle of the little hump on his back, and let him go out for a swim. Away and away, and away they go; gradually the elephant sinks deeper and deeper into the water, till you see nothing but the top of his great, big round head, and he blows out water, and trumpets from his trunk. Elephant and men are all now having a good time together.—Scottish American.

Helping His Mother.

"I don't like to bring in chips all the time," grumbled little John to himself.

"All right, John," said his mother, who had overheard him. "You needn't bring in any more chips until you are willing to."

"Really, mamma?" cried little John.

"Yes," answered his mother; "for I don't like to have boys about that grumble and hate to work."

The barn was finished long before supper time, for no one bothered little John that day. His mother picked up the chips herself, and did not even call him to run on errands.

But when the barn was finished, little John was tired of it, and ran into the house and asked his mother to tell him a story.

"I can't tell you a story," answered his mother, "for I am busy. Run away now and play."

But John was tired of playing, so he wandered out into the kitchen, and there he smelled the Saturday's baking.

He ran and looked on a low shelf in the pantry where his mother always put a little pie for him, but the shelf was bare.

"Mamma," cried John, bursting into the sitting room where his mother was sewing, "where's my little pie?"

"What pie?" questioned his mother, who seemed surprised.

"Why, you always make me a little pie or turnover when you bake; that's the one I mean."

"I used to," said his mother; "but I was too busy this morning to bother with little pies."

John went soberly outdoors and sat down in the shade of his new barn to think; if he had helped his mother, wouldn't she have had time to tell the story, and if he had brought in the chips when she was baking wouldn't she have found time to make him a little pie?

"I ought to help my mother whether she bakes me pies or not," said little John solemnly to himself. "It doesn't take but a minute or two to pick up a pan of chips, and it's fun to run on errands."

"Mamma," he said half an hour later, "I've brought in a boxful of wood and two pans of chips. I like to bring in chips, 'cause it helps you. And I like to run on errands. I'm willing to help after this whether you bake little pies for me or not."

"All right," laughed his mother, who saw that John had learned his lesson; "the next time I bake maybe there'll be a little pie for you."—Epworth Herald.

Half-Back.

Simpkins—When is your son coming home from college?

Tompkins—In about six months, I guess; he has been gone six months and he writes that he is half-back now.—Judge.

LITTLE THINGS.

"Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongful thoughts repressed,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne,
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the shining skies."

—Union Signal.

A POINT RIP PILOT.

By GEORGE STORY HUDSON.

"It bids fair to be a middlin' fish day, don't it, Cap'n Joel?" shouted young William Mayhew, as their dories ranged together in the narrow channel.

"Toler'ble." Joel cleared his throat nervously, with never an upward glance at his neighbor. Their courses diverged. Mayhew pulled strongly round the point and down the beach toward his fish net, while Joel Bunker pointed his old craft straight into the offing toward the rising sun.

Both were Point Rip pilots. They lived among the scrub oaks just back of the line of sand in the cove. Joel, a veteran in the service, held a record of many a hard fought battle with the blinding storms of winter. Mayhew had but recently secured a license to bring deep draft vessels into port.

Advancing age was Joel's handicap. His worn out muscles twitched, and a vigil afloat was no longer play. Firm in his refusal to quit the calling, the old man plodded on and did the best he could.

This morning Joel had planned a master stroke. The schooner Eva May was bound in from Nova Scotia with a cargo of lumber. She was last reported near the headlands.

The old man hoped to board the vessel before local pilots could intercept her, and so prove to his comrade that he was a bit more clever than the smartest of them all.

So with an occasional smile and half suppressed chuckle he urged the dory into the offing. Cold and forbidding, the sea surged through the gloom. Joel saw no vessel, and continued rowing till in the strengthening light the view up and down the coast was unobstructed.

Then, to occupy the time while waiting he followed the custom among Point Rip pilots, and prepared to set his trawl.

"Whoa, girl!" he called to the dory, that reared on the rushing waves. He threw the buoy keg overboard and ran out the 300 feet or more of warp to which at intervals of a fathom were knotted short, stout lines, each armed with large, freshly baited hooks.

The job finished, Joel made the dory fast to the rear end of the warp and settled down for a rest. But the veteran pilot did not relax watchfulness while the fish were biting.

"I'll show you a thing or two, my son," he said, with emphatic nod, the shaft being directed at Mayhew, now far away inshore.

The sun had rolled up clear of the ocean, its rays gilding a bank of leaden vapor that presaged fog and increasing wind.

"She'll come boomin' for the Rip with the weather thicker'n mud," was Joel's muttured comment as he scanned the horizon and noted the unfavorable signs.

Suddenly the old man bent sharply forward and half rose, a hollowed palm shading his eyes. A faint, ashy shape had sprung into view as by magic and leaned against the cloud. "She's coming! I make out her tops'ls!" Joel cried.

He hurried feverishly to gather up the trawl so as to be able to set sail and head off the vessel. Foot by foot the dripping gear responded to his heave and haul. But Mayhew had marked the vessel and was under way. Joel was two miles nearer the stranger, and Mayhew knew it meant many minutes of hard sailing to force a buoyant dory into the eye of a hard wind and jumping sea.

Cod that had swallowed Joel's bait floundered and threshed over the rail. The old man did not even pause to pluck off the fish, but cast them into the already tangled trawl that littered the craft in an ever growing heap.

The schooner now swung full against the wavering sky line, her black sides and deckload gleaming dully in the sunshine. Joel, his face distorted with exertion, presently had underrun the trawl. He clambered with unsteady motion over the swarming fish and stepped the mast. He tried to set his pilot's flag at the head of the slender spar. A vicious puff of wind whipped the square of bunting round and round the mast, where it clung, a tiny wad of color.

Reaching on tiptoe to clear the signal Joel stumbled. Breathlessly he grabbed at a frayed halyard end that swung out toward him. He strove to find a foothold on the gunwale. Under his weight the dory shivered and reeled till water poured in torrents over its side.

Joel shot backward ten feet under a breaking wave. "Bill! Bill Mayhew!" he cried.

The mere wisp of sound died to a gurgle as the sea closed over his head.

The old pilot threshed his way up toward the indistinct shadow of the dory. The trawl, thrown out in the capsize, swathed him in a quickly matting mass. Fish he had caught but a few minutes before pushed into his face, and Joel, in desperation, beat them off with sweeping blows.

The ill-fated dory, brimming to the rails, nearly all fittings lost, wallowed just out of Joel's reach. The sodden sail and oars, held captive by a lanyard, drifted not far away.

William Mayhew's boat was speeding toward the schooner. Joel saw his rival as a comber flung him up and forward, and knew no aid could reach him from that direction. He must strike out and work his own salvation.

Quick as a flash a cross sea sank the trawl hooks into Joel's legs and body. The barbs tore and cut, and he could not escape the lacerating points. Setting his thin lips tight, the poor fellow tried to swim and tow the deadly trawl to the side of the dory. Choking and goaded by wounds that seemed to open wider with each new struggle to escape, Joel saw the boat was drifting faster than he swam. He faltered at the mocking sight. But presently he rallied and again toiled on.

Something rasped against his face. It was the warp, and putting a feeble strain upon the line he brought it to the surface. The effort sent him under, and he was sinking when the warp resisted. Hope came to him. With new vigor he regained the surface, despite the weight of gear that bore him down. The warp passed over the side of the dory and out of sight.

Joe hauled against the buoy he knew must be wedged in the dory. Frequent were his breathless pauses, yet he persevered.

With a favoring sea he thrust out a trembling hand, and the fingers hooked themselves across the oaken rail and clutched it.

Joel was still facing deadly peril, for the heavy waves sent his body crashing painfully against the planking. A chill of wind in the sufferer's face recalled him to further effort, feeble though it was. He pressed one elbow, then the other, over the sharp rail, but was too utterly exhausted to lift the hampering gear.

A fish knife quivered in its sheath behind a seat as he fumbled its handle. He had not strength to wrench it free. Then Joel's head fell upon an arm. His fingers straightened as a vicious sea tore him bodily from the meager support.

The sudden, violent motion of the wave imparted a jerking to the mast, and released the tangled flag that snapped its full breadth noisily in the wind.

The lookout on the schooner saw the signal the instant it appeared. Until then they had given the dory but passing notice, thinking she was engaged in fishing, and was low in the water owing to a heavy catch. But the flag told another story, and glasses trained on the dory revealed the true situation in all its peril.

With rattling rigging and slatting canvas the schooner luffed sharply and bore up in a smother of foam. Joel, head thrown back, with open mouth and upturned eyes, was in desperate straits.

"We'll save you!" came a hoarse bellow from the deck of the vessel, but the old man never heard. Davits clanked and tackles whirred; the yawl boat dropped with a tremendous splash. Men slid down the falls like insects. Two to an oar, they rowed furiously.

"Looks like he's done for keeps," said a sailor, as they lifted Joel to the deck of the schooner and hauled in the trawl.

But Joel soon rallied under the heroic treatment the heavy handed sailors applied. He raised himself a little and looked about. His eyes caught a glimpse of the heap of trawl. The sight sent a shudder through his frame.

"Where be I?" he whispered, like one roused from a fearful dream.

"Aboard the Eva May, Bob Meek, master, bound in with lumber. And who be you?" It was a white haired man, seemingly in authority, who spoke.

"Joel Bunker, Point Rip pilot, sir, swamped while tryin' to board ye," murmured Joel.

"What's the course to the bell buoy?" briskly asked the captain. "I'm hurryin' to work the rising tide up river. Can you take us in?"

They lifted Joel to the quarterbitts and placed a coil of rope at his back. The crew jumped to sheets and halyards to point the vessel on the course he gave. So brave old Joel, suffering, yet gradually mending, was happy. Into port he carried his prize and safely docked her.

William Mayhew reluctantly gave up the chase in astonishment at the Eva May's strange tactics. He knew nothing of the accident till he had returned to Point Rip cove from his fish net down the beach.—Youth's Companion.

Exchange of Trade.

One of Brookline's smart young matrons, the wife of a prominent surgeon, was giving a bridge party, and consulting her husband, was advised by him to apply to one of the local undertakers for chairs. She telephoned, and was horrified at the reply:

"Oh, yes, Mrs. F——, let you have all you want at half price, because the Doctor gives us so much business!"

Born Before Maine.

At a dinner that followed the Portland consecration Archbishop Williams, of Boston, responded to the New England hierarchy. "When the toastmaster," he said, "spoke of the separation of Maine and Massachusetts taking place eighty years ago, I was reminded that I was born before this State was. I was living when there was not a priest in Maine, and none in all New England except one in Boston."

New York City. — The double breasted coat that extends just below the hips is one of the best liked of the fashionable world just now, and is exceedingly jaunty and chic. This

one is made of smoke gray broadcloth, with collar and cuffs of velvet, that are edged with white cloth banded with gray, but it will be found appropriate for all the suitings of the season, and also for the separate wrap that is necessary, no matter how many entire costumes one may possess. For the dressier garment broadcloth is perhaps the handsomest of all materials, but for runabout suit mannish materials, cheviots, homespuns and tweeds all are greatly in vogue. Collar, cuffs and pocket laps of velvet are well liked this season, but are not obligatory, and the material can be used if a simpler effect is desired, and plain cloth on mixed is always good style.

The coat is made with fronts, back, side-backs and under-arm gores, its many seams providing easy and satisfactory fit. The neck is finished with the regulation collar and the deep revers that mark the season, while the sleeves are in coat style, finished with becoming roll-over cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and five-eighth yards twenty-seven, two and one-half yards forty-four, or two and one-fourth yards fifty-two inches wide, with three-eighth yard velvet and one-fourth yard of white cloth for the banding.

Closed Gloves Worn.

Suede gloves in natural tone with closed wrists are popular.

Tucked Blouse With Yoke.

Every variation of the tucked blouse finds its place. It not alone is a favorite for lingerie materials and for the thin silks that are similarly treated, but for all materials of sufficiently light weight to allow of tucking. This one includes a yoke of unusual shape and can be treated after a number of ways. In the illustration Persian lawn is combined with yoke of inserted tucking and trimming of embroidery and fancy stitches. But there are a great many materials that can be used for a contrasting yoke, the various all-overs, silk tucked and inserted and the one from which the waist is made, trimmed in a number of ways, while the band at the lower edge can with propriety be either of lace or embroidery or in one of the fancy trimmings or of the material embroidered, so that there is every opportunity for the exercise of individual taste and discretion.

The waist is made with a fitted lining, which can be used or omitted as material renders desirable, and itself consists of front, backs and yoke. The fronts are tucked and joined to the yoke, and the closing is made invisibly at the back. The sleeves are comfortably full, tucked at their lower edges, and can be finished at the elbows with straight cuffs or continued to the wrists and finished with deep ones that match the yoke.

Sleeves to Grow Larger.

It is predicted that sleeves will increase in size as the season advances. The sleeves in a magnificent teagown in pale pink crepe de chine are composed of a couple of wide puffs of the crepe over mousseline de soie, with oversleeves of thick Venetian lace, which hang in a point from the shoulders to the ground and are edged with a fringe of gold beads.

Pearl Buttons on Shoes.

In the swellest shoe stores are boots with smoked pearl buttons; also evening slippers of gilded leather. Heels of fancy slippers are still set with colored stones or brilliants.

The Furs.

Persian lamb, nutria, mink, sable and caracul will certainly lead the way, and for useful stoles and muffs fox would seem again to be first favorite.

Taffeta Waists Popular.

Taffeta waists with white guimpe bid fair to take the place, in a large measure, of white tailored waists for morning and business wear. Though nothing can be more tasteful than white, this fashion would prove a saving in the matter of laundry bills, while the guimpe provides the becoming touch of white that we have come to look upon as essential.

Buttons and Lace.

Tiny dark brown velvet buttons nestling among folds of deep cream lace are very effective upon a gown of chestnut brown chiffon voile. Velvet of the same shade appears in folds upon the skirt.

Stockinet Corsets.

Quite a novelty is a stockinet corset that extends into tights and forms a whole suit of underwear in one piece.